OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 19. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, June 19, 1913. Number. 12

THE VALLEY AND THE VISITOR

By Mrs. A. R. Stark

As evening deepens mists soften the forbidding harshness of the foothills of the Andes, and for a short time the last rays of sunshine clothe them in brilliant garments, changing rapidly from transparent, gleaming gold to rose, pink, and yellow, then to the quieter tones of violet and pearly gray. San Cristobal Hill stands out, bold and clear, above valley and river, keeping watch over Peru's proud capital, Lima, "the City of the Kings." A large cross on its summit is overtopped by a gigantic "wireless" tower, destined to send messages across heights 17, 000 feet above sea-level. to towns and peoples in the far interior of Peru. The cross tells city and valley the supreme message of the world's Redeemer, and speaks to us of the power of perfect love. The "wireless" shows us the marvelous forces of nature captured and adapted to man's use. Both draw their power from above—a power that we may hold and use, but cannot understand.

A group of women are carefully making their way down San Cristobal's winding footpath, returning from a steep climb up to the cross. Down the perilous south side belated "wireless" workmen make their way, clinging to any uneven surface they can find as they slip and slide down the scaled rocks to gain sure footing on the pathway beneath.

Below. the river Rimac waters estates where cotton, sugar-cane, fruit-trees and vegetables grow. Vines trail over rustic snpports, where clusters of grapes hang in rich profusion. Olive groves and palta-trees, oranges and lemons, pomegranates and grenadiers, blossoming shrubs and the stately magnolia owe their very life to the river's generous supply.

Yonder is a pretty village with flat-roofed houses, the main road shaded by an avenue of dark-leaved trees that frame a glimpse of white surf breaking over rocks in the sparkling Pacific. Field-laborers live in the whithwashed huts on the outskirts of the village. In their gardens vines trail over rough trellis, shade the wells, and hens take their earth-baths under the laden fig-trees.

Women are cooking their evening meal on braseros outside the walls of their huts and children run to fro scattering corn for the hens or playing together, Against one open door a little sunburnt girl is standing, her scant blue frock, rent at the shoulder, scarcely covering her pretty rounded limbs, The child's dark eyes rest unheeding on everything around as she watches for her father's return. Close by are large fields of broom-cane partly cut to-day, and Anita hears unheeding the creaking noise of the stiff cane-stalks as they sway unwillingly in the light breeze, and the squeal of the fieldmouse as it hunts for its lost nest

Along the road two men are slowly wending their way. "Who comes with thy father, my child?" asks the mother, leaving the cazuela (soup) she is cooking and joining her child by the rough wall of sun-dried bricks.

"Yonder comes a senor with my father, but they are as yet too far distant for me to tell who it is." And shading her eyes with a little brown hand, she looks intently down the long road.

Bending slowly forward she screws her bare toes deep down in the loose dust. Suddenly, springing up by a gap in the broad wall, she clasps her hands and calls out excitedly:

"Mamma, mamma, he who comes with my father is the seller of sacred books! Shall I hasten in and put another plate with that of my father on the table?" and without awaiting her mother's answer she runs into the unfloored room to make ready for the guest.

"I have brought with me our good friend who last week told

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"PICNIC AT THE OLD MILL."

By Doyle Horne.

We publish these sketches by members of our Seventh Grade, and we will have three more to follow. This gives our readers some idea of the work that our children can do.

The children and teachers were gathering fast and early that morning at the school house for at last after many weeks and days of impatient waiting the first of vacation had arrived bringing with it the long looked for holiday. When the two wagons were filled they started to the mill, about six miles from town. As they drove up they were given a warm welcome from the old miller and his family. In return for his kindness his children who knew all about the place, were invited to spend the day with them and show the place to them.

Behind the mill was a large pond. Some of the children before leaving home had a great desire to fish, so gathering their bate and lines they started for the pond. On reaching the bank they saw two row boats. A few got in and rode out into the middle of the pond, where they could fish, and get the water-lilies that were on the other side. While a few examined the bank, and the rest moved off in different directions. Some went to in the woods and gathered flowers

When half past twelve came, you could see the hungry children gathering around the teachers, and when all had returned from their rambles, the baskets and boxes were taken from the wagons, and on a large rock the dinner was spread. A hungry tramp would not have enjoyed the pickels, cake, chicken, dough nuts, salid, biscuits, country ham and a great many other things, which were so plentiful, any more than they did.

After dinner they were taken by the millers wife to her spring house, where she gave them all the fresh milk they could drink.

Later in the evening a dark cloud arose in the west, so they all hurried to the wagons so as not to get wet.

The horses were quickly brought from the stalls and hitched up, and they hurried home. They reached home in time to miss the shower.

That night all those children were tired and slept well after that days ramble.

OUR HOME AT BARUIM.

By Elizabeth Parks.

When Mr. Boyd first started the home the place was a wilderness, and it was with a great deal of hard labor, and many disappointments that he and a few faithful helpers found themselves in charge of about twenty fatherless children, and it took hard work to provide for these children, but Mr. Boyd had faith and lived in good hope. He was rewarded for his trials by seeing the home composed of several nice brick houses, before he was forced by his health to resign. He gave the work over to a younger man.

The work was taken up by Rev. John Wakefield who was only spared to us a few years, after faithfully doing all that was meant for him to do) he was called by a Higher Power than ours to receive his reward in another world.

At the death of Mr. Wakefield Rev. W.T. Walker was elected to take up the work. Mr, Walker was greeted with a very heavy debt on the home. But he started to work with a will, and before his first year was ended he had the great debt lifted.

In Mr. Walker's administration there has been several great improvements made, Waterworks, electric lights and the barn, these are the greatest.

On the Campus we have three large brick homes for the girls and two brick and one wooden home for the boys. The small

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THE BARAMEDA DIAMONDS

By Wm Laurie Hill

PART FOUR

"Inez! you are a mystic character, even your father does not understand you.

"God only knows how you are to escape Santos, he is inflexible in all his purposes."

"So am I papa, it is, "will versus will" we shall see who will win, and the conversation ended.

Not many days elapsed before Santos made his appearance one afternoon at the entrance to the private parlors of Inez, seeking an interview. Inez was not unprepared to meet the issue and receive him most graciously, but with a politeness so chilly as to produce a shive of nervousness even in the seif poised Santos. He dropped the cold nerveless though beautiful hand she had extended to him, saying, "Are you ill fair Inez? your hands feel cold and you look unlike your bright sweet self."

"I am not ill, I do not feel well however, although I am proverbially healthy, and never need a doctor." "You are enigmatical sweet Inez, "not sick" "not well" a very unfortunate condition truly: let me prescribe for you this afternoon?"

"Well! what bolus will you compound?"

"Only a sail, "an hour or two on the beautiful blue," would brace you up."

"Doubtless it would, I will go, so excuse me and I will get ready."

Since the water had borne away on its bosom the man she loved, Inez loved the water, feeling assured its bounding waves, would bring him back to her again. The autumn sky was flecked with clouds all ablaze with the westering Sun, and the water looked like a mass of molten gold as the beautiful sailboat containing Santos and Inez sped along over its surface before a fair wind. Never was there a more propitious time for wooing than now, and Santos gazed into the bright soft eyes of the woman he loved as much as he was capable of loving any one, with all the tenderness in his fiery nature.

She felt that he would now speak yet again with even more urgency than heretofore, and she turned her face away, looking far out upon the broad expanse of golden water, while her beautiful hands held the cords of the tiller and guided their direction.

"You are steering beautifully Inez, those precious little hands of yours are very masterful, and can guide other craft besides a boat: do you know you are guiding me?"

"I was not aware of it Prince, it is I that need guidence, women are helpless creatures, they drift, and are the sport of the winds and tides of life."

"Will you let me guide you Inez? how gladly would I shield you from every stormy blast. My "heart, my life, is yours, you must be mine, I must be yours, or, there shall be a mighty wreck of life and happiness. This I tell you in all candor, and earnestness." The face of Santos was ablaze with intense passion, his eyes flashed like electric sparks, and he demanded of Inez an answer, that should calm him, and assure him of the future success he had planned, with her as the mistress of his heart and home, he the master of The Barameda Mines.

His wooing found no chord of response in the heart of Inez. Recalling her gaze from the water she gave the prince a clear fearless look as she answered. "Prince Santos, I am sensible of the honor you would confer upon me, and appeciate all you offer me, but I can only give the old answer. I do not love you, therefore cannot wed you."

"Is it true that you love "Beggar Jose?"

"I have not said I love anyone, Prince, nor am I at confessional. You are insulting to me when you speak of my Cousin Jose as you have," was her cool reply.

Heavy clouds had gathered in the west and now, the wind was beginning to lash the water into yeasty foamy caps, and it was evident that a storm was not far away. Inez had noticed this, and changing the course of the boat, they were now being carried in an impetuous way shoreward, but had some distance to overcome, and were likely to receive a good shaking up e'er they landed.

Santos was as stormy as the wind, or the sea, and notwithstanding his constantly needed attention in managing the sail continued his talk with Inez.

"You need not confess to anyone Inez, that Cousin of yours, has stepped between us, and one of us must die: or, perhaps betstill, you and I had better die together. I cannot I will not! see you wed Jose Prado, By Heaven! I will not! Promise me you will wed me? I will give you any reasonable time, but, chose between me and death, those waters are "deep and cold Inez." The true courage of the girl was soon made manifest, for with a look of scorn she flashed forth an answer sharp and clear, that made Santos tremble with both rage and fear.

"You are a craven and a coward Prince Santos! and unworthy of your name and lineage. I fear notdeath, and infinitely prefer it, to a living death as your wife. Wreck this boat if you will, you are too cowardly to risk, knowingly, your own life. God will take care of me."

"Inez! do you see that white cliff yonder? there is no safe landing place just there, and the water is thirty feet deep, it is there the boat will sink, give me the tiller, we now have no use for a sail, and he proceeded to lower it, and to direct the course of the boat, as it sped shoreward.

"You are both a coward and a murderer at heart Prince Santos, but I fear you not, there is no coward blood in my veins. I shall not yield to your demands, cr e man that you are, were her last words before the crisis.

The storm increased in fury the waves beginning now to thunder against the rocky cliff as they rapidly approached it, and a more dangerous point could not have been selected by Santos, to attempt the wreck and rescue role: for, he had little idea of sacrificing his own worthless life, and really proposed to frighten and save Inez, and thus lay her under an obligation.

The sharp ears of old Bobo had heard in some mysterious way that Prince Santos had gone out sailing with his Missie Iny. There was no work for him in the mines that afternoon, and, being now a priviliged chracter, he submitted to the usual search for hidden Diamonds, and took an afternoon off. Bobo loved the water, was an expert fisherman, and kept a boat which he managed with great skill, fearing no contest with wind and waves, and was never happier than when rocking in his small craft, upon the crest of a stormy sea. He watched with a keen eye the small speck of a sail far out from shore and felt that his mistress was in danger, and would need his help, for he doubted, and looked with distrust, upon even the best intentions of Santos. It was a dramatic scene to watch the old African careering around as the storm approached, and his gutteral mutterings, displayed his hatred of Santos, and his intense love for his lovely mistress, now exposed to imminent peril.

"Dat boat almose fly, hi! it gywin agin the cliff, Fore God, dat debil tink he drown my missie Iny, ole Bobo see 'bout dat." Quick as thought, his boat was also rushing toward the cliff. but his knowledge of the coast was better than that of Santos, and happily he knew where there was one spot, he could skillfully effect a landing, when he was quite ready to do so. Meanwhile he managed to approach within clutch of the Santos boat, as it

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THE PLEASANT WAY

BY MISS ANNA STEVENS REED

"Fred, say that again," said Fred's father.

"Johnnie heard me," protested the boy of fifteen.

"He heard an order that should have been a request. Say it again, and in the pleasant way."

Fred's eyes twinkled. "My highlyesteemed brother, will you of your exceeding goodness and kindness, condescend so far as to close the aperture of this apartment before I accelerate your motions with the toe of my boot?"

The children giggled and the little boy started, but Mr. Hunt said, in the same even tone as before, "Wait, Johnnie. Fred, you know what I want and you know that I am going to have it."

"All right, father. Johnnie, will you please shut that door?"

None of them knew that when Johnnie brought the sliding doors together it left a caller in utter darkness in the reception-room, through the blunder of a servant who was new at the place. But Bertha Ferris, waiting for her friend, Marion Hunt, had been given something to think about. "The pleasant way," she said to herself, "I'm afraid I'm not careful to say things that way. I know I wasn't intending to, just now." For the girl had a grievance and had been going to say crossly, "I think you're just as mean as you can be! If you prefer to go riding with Dora Rice rather than come to my thimble-party you might at least let me know. I'm never going to ask you to our house again."

Influenced by what she had heard, Bertha greeted her friend as usual and then asked mildly why she hadn't come that afternoon. "I didn't know anything about it," said Marion in surprise.

"Why. I left a note at the door on Tuesday."

The young girl threw up her hands. "That Frida! I suppose she either let the puppy chew it up or lighted the fire with it. Mother says the swedes make such good help when they do learn that we must be patient. I'm sorry it happened: Bertha."

"Oh, that's all right, as long as you didn't know." After a half hour of girlish chatter Bertha went away with a much lighter heart than if she had quarrelled with her friend over a misunderstanding.

Marion, full of indignation, entered the kitchen to complain of Frida's mistakes, when she noticed how tired her mother looked and that the servant's eyes were full of tears. "Poor thing! It is hard to learn so many things at once," she thought. "I'll see myself that the reception-room is lighted after this, so I needn't say anything about that. I must tell mother about the note, but I'll do it some other time." Instead of adding to the burdens it occurred to her to lighten them by setting the dining-room table, and she was rewarded by her mother's look of relief when she found it done. Then Marion went into the family sitting-room, but there her patience did not hold out.

"You might say something to Marion as well as to me father," said Fred in an injured tone. "I just asked if I might use her tablet and she snapped out, 'Oh, I s'pose so,' as cross as two sticks. If it had been Cousin Will, she'd have said, 'Certainly,' with her sweetest smile."

Marion colored and Mr Hunt said quietly, "I don't see why you children can't be polite to each other. Your mother always takes the pleasant way."

"You do too, father," cried Fred in a spasm of generosity; "Uncle Jim was as mad as a hornet when he came in yesterday, and you were so good to him that he went away laughing."

The father looked a little surprised. "Thank you, my boy," he said after a moment. "Any one of us needs to be on the watch not to make tart speeches those who love us and will forgive

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WHEN TO REJOICE

Joy Increace With the Increace of the Hard Things.

One who realy trusts most God rejoice most when he has to trust says the Sunday school Times. Knowing that God is absolutely dependable and that he will make all thing work together for good to them that love him, no hindering, baffling hardships can arouse anything in such a one's heart but unbounded joy. Not circumstance. but Christ is the determining factor in his joy.

A man who had been inclined to think that his joy must depend some what upon the nature of his circumstances came later to see how independent of these in Christ, he could be Talkinr it over with a friend, he was asked whether he had now come to believe that joy was independent circumstances. "No," he replied with a smile; "it increases with the increase of the hard things."

That is the way Christ would have us to rejoice. For every time of peculiarly dark testing means that Christ now has an exceptional opportunity to show his love and his power. After Paul aed Silas had been stripped and beaten, their feet made fast in the stocks, and the doors in prison fast closed, their joy was such that they just had to sing!

we are not to be limited to ordinary joy when we are in a prison of any kind that is a time for the outpoured singing sort.

BRAINS IN BASEBALL.

Watch your opposing pitcher carefully, watch him as if with a telescope and a microscope combined.

Never, on the bench or while waiting your turn at bat, take your eyes off of him.

See if you can discover from any movement he makes what he is going to do.

If he has any peculiarities whatever—if he wiggles his foot or scratches his head, or looks over his shoulder—note what ball he pitches next, whether a curve, or a fast ball, or what.

The "telegraph" is a most potent aid to the batter who would "outguess" the pitcher, and in lads it is more apt to work than among the big league pitchers, who have been trained out of this habit of "telegraphing" their intentions.

Particularly is this true of the lad who tries to pitch a slow ball. Any one knows a slow ball is the easiest thing in the world to hit—if only you know it is coming. This slow ball fools the major leaguer only because he thinks it is fast hits at it before it arrives. If he can see from the pitcher's motion that it is slow—well, "good night!" as the players say—the ball will land on the far side of the fence. Lads all too often try to throw a slow ball merely by letting up in the motion of their arm as they used it for their swift ball; the result is the batter can plainly see is a slow ball coming toward him, and he hits it with ease.

To the lad who pitches, let it be said that it is brain as much as brawn which strikes out batters. The major league teams are full of pitchers, no long rein their muscular prime, in whom skill, cunning and knowledge have made up for the efficiency of pace and curve of which time has robbed them. You, too, are in their class, for time has not yet given you all that he will in strength and muscle; so, up against a fine batter. it is cunning which you must employ.

First, then, study your batter and learn what balls he hits most easily, and what he hits with the most difficulty. Normally, you will try to give him only those balls at which he hits with least effect. But not always; sometimes the unexpected ball, exactly where he likes it best, is as effective in its utter surprise as one where he likes it least.—May St. Nicholas.

The average person should drink more in the summer than in the winter, to supplement nature's efforts to wash your body through the pores of the skin.

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.
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Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.

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Thursday, June 19 1913

WHAT OTHES THINK

We give a clipping from "The Thornwell Messenger" which gives expression to what others think, of a church closing its doors against an appeal being made in behalf or Orphanage Equipment. We have been so liberally dealt with by our people generally, that we make no harsh criticisim. Every church knows its own ability and churches that do not respond to our call, are greater losers in the end than we are.

We note that $35,000 of the $50,000 promised to Barium Springs by the synod of North Carolina, has been subscribed. There is a statesment that some of the large churches declined to let the synod's agent visit them for this business. It strikes us that in doing this they are losing greatly. It is a fearful misfortune to any man not to be more than willing to aid the Lord's wards.

RAILROADS ARE PUBLIC SERVANTS

Our Railroads have have played an important part in the developement of our country and are indespensible ties that bind the country together. But in the past quarter of a century the Railroads have got into the hands of a few ruling spirits, that have gone on exploiting, and exploiting, until several mighty systems have taken posession of the railroad traffic of the country, and now claim to be master, not servants, of the people.

A few men would get hold of several pieces of rail-road splice them together, and then issue bonds on the combination, to any amount they chose, and then in figuring up the earnings they have demanded that from the earninings should be set aside, so much, to pay dividends upon millions of stock for which the holders did not pay into the corporation one cent. This they have called high finance, instead of calling it by its right name. Every million added to the bonded debt of a road should be authorised by somebody who is looking out for the econmic side of doing the business, and not by a rich syndicate, that will put a whole lot of watered stock in their pockets make the people pay and dividends on them.

Yes railroads are invaluable, and indispensible, but they are looked upon in Europe as public servants, and not a Masters.

Every bite of bread we eat at Barium has to be brought here by the railroads (except what we raise,) and the matter of freight is a large part of the cost: when we buy so much flour delivered at Barium, we pay the freight in the price named. Therefore we are vitally interested in the calculations the railroads make when they determined a freight rate.

There must be a vigorous scrutiny of all stock and bond Issues by railroads, before we can come at a just cost of doing the business, this is just a common sense view of it. We say this in all kindness, for the railroads have always treated us with courtesey and liberality.

HE WHO SAYS CANT

It is only the trifling shiftless child (be they boy or girl) who always says, "I cant," when required to do some task, that may be written down, a failure. Yes, the boy or girl that has not pluck and vim enough to tackle difficult things, and win by persistant effort, will never amount to much in this world. There should be no such word as 'cant' in our language, and for the reason, that only possible things should be expected, and human brain and human energy, can always accomplished the possible.

Suppose Washington had said "I cant," when asked to lead Our armies during the revolution? What would have become of the colonies: we believe that an allwise God would have raised up another leader that would have accomplished what Wash ington did his refusal, would have changed all history, and some other home in our happy, free county, would to-day have been our Mecca, instead of Mt. Vernon.

We want our boys and girls at Barium, to expunge from their vocabulary "I Cant." and, instead, always meet a difficult problem with, "I will try, and, by the grace of God I will do it."

THE VALLEY AND THE VISITOR

By Mrs. A. R. Stark

Continued from page one.

us so many cosas interesantes (interesting things) from his books," said the laborer as he came up to the door.

"He has arrived at a good time," and the mother stowed her baby away in a swinging hammock over the bed and turned to bring in the brown earthen pot full of savory steaming stew.

"Nay, but I must not stay this night," said the man with the bag of books. "I have walked far to-day, and see, the sun now dies. I must return to my home. Anita, la senora, my wife, has for thee a little book. To-morrow thou mayst ask thy mother's permission to come and visit her, and if thou canst read the little book it shall be thine."

"A thousand thanks," said the child. "I know not how to read. Would the senara teach me? And the book, does it contain beautiful stories like those we heard last time you came?"

"It contains those and many others, all stories of the Saviour's life and death, and of his love that dies not. Come, that thou mayst learn to read them. Adios, dear child; may God's blessing be with thee."

"Senor," says the laborer as he warmly embraces the departing Bibleman—"senor, this humble house with all it contain is yours whenever you will honor it by your presence. May God bless you."

OUR HOME AT BARUIM.

By Elizabeth Parks.

Continued from page one.

girls stay at Annie Louise and the little boys at Synods Cottage.

The smaller children are not required to work much, only to keep their own homes nice and clean.

The Rumple and Howard girls do the cooking, laundrying, dishwashing, cleaning and sewing, while the farm, dairy, industrial building and printing are managed by our boys.

The spiritual part of life is not neglected at Barium, for every morning right after breakfast we have family worship, where we repeat memory verses from the Bible, recite the Shorter Catechism. A passage in the Bible is read, and two songs are sung then we are dismissed with prayer. On Tuesday nights we have prayer meeting and every Sunday preaching and Sunday school.

In summer and winter we rise at five thirty and breakfast at six. Then at eight school begins When twelve thirty comes school is dismissed and we have dinner. In the evening at fiive thirty we are generally ready to hear the first bell for supper, which summons us at six. After supper the higher grades go to study hour for an hour and a half. We go to school nine months.

In the months of July and August the children are made happy by being granted a whole month with friends and relatives at home. Some go in July and the rest in August. The ones who do not go home either month are given the month of August at Barium to enjoy.

Twice a year nearly every child receives a nice box of clothes from kind friends in our State for these we are very grateful. The ones that don't receive a box of clothes have their clothes made in the sewing room.

On Christmas and Thanksgiving we are kindly remembered by our friends and if they could see the look of happiness on each childs face, they would feel doubly rewarded, and if they could walk in and see all our children seated in the dining room around twenty three tables with eight at a table, looking so happy and contented they would feel that their work was not being done in vain. Can you not imagine that we are happy with a good home and all these things which I have mentioned, for have we not a right to be?

THE PLEASANT WAY

BY MISS ANNA STEVENS REED

Continued from page one.

We are on our good behavior with those will drop us if we unpleasant."

Five years went by and changed the prospect of the Hunt family. Mr. Hunt had a long sickness and was unable to return to business, so his son and daughter had to give up their plans for a higher education. Marion studied stenography and found a position in an office, while Fred left college and went into a store. Their mother was speaking one day of the cheerfulness with which they had changed their plans, and the father answered with a sigh, "It's hard all around. If Jim had lived I think he would have helped me." For only the week before he had received word of the death of that brother in distant Colorado.

"A letter from Denver came this morning," said his wife. "Do you feel able to read it?"

"My eyes hurt, so read it for me," was the reply, "that is, unless—did Jim leave me any word?"

"No, it's from his lawyer," and Mrs. Hunt's face lighted up.

"Don't raise your expectations," said her husband gravely; "While Jim was in a good business I presume he hadn't much to leave."

Womanlike she skimmed the letter and gave him the cream at once.

"The lawyer says at least ten thousand dollars," she cried; "here's a copy of the will and—you must see this for yourself," and she laid it before him.

The lonely man had given certain sum to his housekeeper and left the remainder of his property, as he expressed it, "to my only brother, Frederick Hunt, who never gave me a cross word."

The tears rose to Mrs. Hunt's eyes. "Oh, Frederick!" she exclaimed, "Poor Jim was so fiery that I have often said you were too patient with him, but I take that all back now!"

Highland. N. Y.

DON'T WORRY.

If you are inclined to worry today, stop and think of the worrying you did yesterday and how little it really amounted to.

We are not eating more, but there are more of us eating which accounts for the increased demand for food products.

The percapita consumption of potatoes in this country at the last census was four bushels.

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All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

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To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.: "I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *;"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

On the expiration of the time for which payment has been made for this paper it is legal to continue to send the paper for one year longer. After the one year the paper must stop by law.

Thursday, June 19, 1913

HOME HAPPENINGS

Black berries will be plentiful in this section in a few days.

Mr. Walker preached at Prospect church on last Sunday, to good congregations.

We expect Miss Isabell Arnold of Virginia to spend Sunday next with us.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Sharpe, (Our matron at Round Knob) met with a loss in the death of a fine cow

The new depot is coming along nicely. If the good weather keeps up, it will be completed in about two weeks.

Mr. Hill, is away, visiting Raleigh and Tarboro in the interest of "Our Fatherless Ones."

We have an abundance of cabbage just now, and on last Monday Mr. Cowan took a wagon load to town.

On last Friday evening we had a visit from the delegates attending Concord Presbyterial. They rode out in automobiles.

Mrs. Grier will leave to day for a visit in Charlotte. Miss Mary Arey will have charge of Synods Cottage during her absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker and the children are in Elmwood, to attend the marriage of Miss Edith Arey (sister of Mrs. Walker) to Mr. Wombly.

We had a visit a few days ago from Mrs. Wade Lippard (one of our neighbors) accompanied by Miss Gaither of Cool Springs and Miss Henley of Statesville.

Our corn crop is growing off beautifully and our haying has progressed favourably, so our big barn loft has a generous pile ahead with more to follow.

We are getting our shop in order and as soon as we get power enough, will start several machines, and give our shop boys more thorough training along machanical lines.

To The Pastors And Sessions In The Synod Of N. C.

Dear Brethern:-

I write to remind you of the fact that June is the month which has been regularly assigned for the collection for the Orphanage. I would earnestly urge that the officers of the churches, which are not using the Assemblys Plan of finance to remember the Orphanage at this time, and to send us a liberal contribution to the cause. I would also ask that those, who are using Assembly's Plan, to see to it that their churches aid as they should in maintaining the large body of children that we have under our care.

Our Support Fund is usually lower at this season of the year, and there is only a small surplus to the credit of the Fund at this time. Rememder the Fatherless Ones.

We need the full and regular support of our people.

Fraternally yours,
W. T. Walker,
Supt. & Treas.

We had four delegates to Concord Presbyterial, they were, Elnora Stanley from the Howard Band; Hattie Hester from the Cheerful Workers; Earline Cousart from the Busy Bees and Bell Williamson from the Willing Workers.

Miss Hattie McKeown who has been assisting in the office work for the last two months left last Monday for her home at Stanley Creek. Miss McKeown was specially liked by our Workers and Children, and she carries with her our best wishes.

Last Sunday our attendance at church and Sunday school was good. Mr. Walsh gave us an earnest forceful sermon and afterward drove over to Eufola to preach at night. The day was an ideal one, and in great contrast to the cold snap that visited us less than a week ago.

Barium ought to be a very busy place within the next twelve months. A new school building will be erected, alterations in Rumple Hall will be undertaken, and all our buildings will be put in good repair. This does not even touch the central heating plant, which is an urgent necessity, for the sake of safety and economy. Let the good work be undertaken and prosecuted to a happy completion.

Our Board of Regents met at Barium Springs on last Tuesday the 12th. Present Rev. Dr. H. G, Hill Rev. D. I. Craig, Rev Dr. W. R. Minter, Rev. Dr. C. M. Richards, Mr. Oscar Clark. A good deal of routine business was transacted, and the reports made on the general work and field work were very satisfactory. Rev. R. Murphy Williams was present and gave an account of his work in behalf of "The Improvement Fund. More than $40,000.00 has been pledged, and a good deal of it paid in, and there is little doubt but that the $50,000 promised for our Equipment will soon be realized now. Some rich fields with big churches in them, have only been touched on the edges. When the heart of the church is fully aroused to our needs, we shall have all we ask for.

LITTLE GOLD MINES

The trite expression, "It is the little things in life that count," is aptly illustrated by noting the fortunes that have been made out of the small inventions. W. H. Painter of Baltimore, Maryland, conceived the idea of the cork-lined beer and soda-water bottle cap of tin with its corrugations, and now you put a fraction of a cent in his pocket each time you remove one of these from a bottle. $15,000,000 was the insignificant sum received by De Quilfeldt, a New Jersey inventor for a rubber bottle stopper which he invented. A lead pencil rubber eraser increased the fortunes of Hyman L. Lipman of Philadelphia by the snug sum of $100,000. George Heaten of Providence, R. I., used a metal staple to fasten a button on his shoe, conceived the idea of patenting the same and now writes his check for six figures. Another fortune was accumulated by Dennison who reinforced a shipping tag at the eyelet by pasting a fibre ring on each side of the tag.

FORMER FOREST LAND BEING GONVERTED INTO CLOVER FIELDS

Sheep and clover are working a dual part in the vast tracts of cut over and burn over land in Minnesoto and other northwestern territory in wnich the last of the lumber is disappearing.

The promise of increased field of clover bloom has much in store for the beekeepers of this re geon.

Sheep are being brought from Montanna and others far western ranges to feed on wild land for the purpose of clearing out the brush preparatory to the sowing of clover.

It is clamed that twelve ewes will clean up five acres in as many months, and leave the g round so clean that, when the frost is coming out of the ground the following spring, seeds will catch with out any other preparation and a good stand of clover will be secured in this way.

At least two crops are cut in one season. By fenceing small tract and changeing the sheep from one tract to another, the patches are well cleaned and the take on a sufficient quantity of mutton to sell for much more than they cost when they were turned into the field,

One of the illustrations shows the character of the land being ceaned uq. No attempt is made to take out the stumps; the seed is sown between them. In the lower right hand corner is shown for contrast a small sextion cut from a photograph of one great field of clover in bloom. from this corner picture one may imagine what kind of improvement could be seen if the clover were to spread over the whole tract. In one county alone in minnesota, efforts are now being made clean up two million acres.

NO FAILURES NEED APPLY

In a fertile little western valley there is a land promoter who has tried out a method of paomotion and salesmanship that is somewhat revolutionary. At the top of his literature is the bold and uncompromising heading, NO FAILURESS NEED APPLY. Under this you read: "Are you a real farmer? Can you work an acre for all it is worth with your own hand at the plow? Can you wait for a good stand of crops before expecting big yields? Can you take the weather as it comes? Can you accept the advics of the successful and follow good examples?

"If you cannot say YES in your heart to all these questions, then chuck this circular into the fire. Successful farming is hard work and a fighter's battle, Half a dozen kickers and loafers can put an entire farming district out of tune with success. We want real farmers down here and have land to sell them, We are not giving it away or throwing in gold mines for souvenirs. Some of us are getting rich, but we are sweatiug for every dollar we make. If this sounds good to you drop me a line and I will send further details and supply references."

A Wall Street promoter who sent out anything like this would be voted a fit subject for a lunacy commission, yet back of it all is a subtle thought which may be embodied in these words —show us the man who will admit that he is a failure. There are more ways than one of baiting a hook.

AS TO "FEELING COLD."

Melville relates that although he spent two years in the Arctic region, suffering almost incredilby from cold and hunger, he never contracted a "cold," that is to say, inflammation of the lungs or mucous membranes of the head, until he returned to civilization.

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The smallest, simplest and bestprotected postoffice in the world is in the Straits of Magellan. It has been there for many years. It consists of a small painted keg or cask, and is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape in such a manner that it floats free, opposite Terra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to take letters and put others in. This curious postoffice is unprovided with a postmaster, and is, therefore, under the protection of all the navies of the world.—Tid-Bits.

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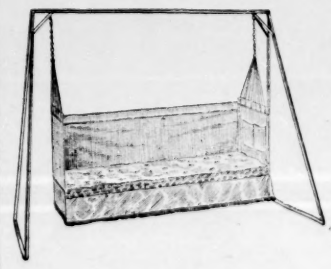

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THE BARAMEDA DIAMONDS

Continued from page one.

was rushing past him. It was a hazardous venture, but Bobo knew well how to brace himself for an undertaking, which meant life or death to his mistress. Calling out above the rush of water and roar of the wind, "Missie Iny be ready! I tek you in my boat, quick, now," and grasping her hand, as with a grip of iron, he held with his other hand the Santos boat. Inez with the quickness and brightness of a fairy, stepped from one boat to the other, without losing her poise, or presence of mind. Bobo quickly abandoned Santos to his fate as they were swirled away from him and concentrated his utmost skill upon making the only landing within reach of them, while the Santos boat, rushed on the rocks, its owner seeming powerless and nerveless, after Inez had escaped from his grasp.

In the whirl of the next few moments not a word was spoken either by Inez or Bobo, they were struggling with the heavy waves and a fierce wind, but Bobo had seen, and conquored in such storms before, knew just what point to make, and made it. His boat was hurled with considerable force into the mouth of a little stream that had ages ago cut its way down through the rugged cliff, and soon the imminent danger was passed, and Inez had safely landed near a little winding path, long used by the natives and negroes, to scale the cliff and reach the broad platteau above.

The first thought of Inez when safe was one of mercy.

"Can you save Prince Santos Bobo? she asked. "He not d'serve to live missie Iny, let him go to de debil whar he 'long to," was the old man's reply.

"No! no! Bobo, you must try and save him."

He only meck trouble fer you Missie Iny, but, he drownded fore dis. I go git his wicked carkis do," and jumping into his boat Bobo was soon risking his own valuable life. in the effort to save his enemy.

Inez already drenched with rain, stood sadly waiting in the storm, while Bobo in the gathering darkness, sought for traces of the Santos boat and its owner although he was threatened momentarily by the incoming waves. While thus watching at the mouth of the little stream, Bobo atlast caught sight of the missing boat, being threshed into splinters on the rocks. As he looked at the fearsome sight a dark object was swept by him into the mouth of the stream. It was the body of Santos, being pitched by the merciless waves. ashore, and now, it lay within a few feet of where Inez stood.

Bobo was not long in bringing back his boat, into safe water, then taking the limp form of Santos, he placed it far up out of reach of the mad water, and then proceeded to examine the apparently lifeless clay before him, while Inez stood near, looking down with pitying eyes. upon the once proud and haughty prince.

"Is there life there?" questioned Inez. Deed no! Missie Iny he skull broked, he heart, beat not any, Prince Santos not worry Missie Iny no mo', he gone w ar he take no diamond any from Massa Barameda.

"Oh Bobo, speak not thus of the dead." "Well Missie Iny, Bobo know heep white folks tink he don't know, and Santos was bad man." "Let him rest now, Bobo and tell me how far we are from the Palace, taking this winding path up the cliff?

"Ole Bobo do dat Missie Iny, we 'bout two mile from de Palace. We leave him hear, I teck you home, den git men and fetch him up de cliff to he home; come 'long Missie Iny, he ress quiet 'nought here by he self."

Inez took another look at the haughty face, now softened by the mystic influence of death, and exclaimed, "Poor soul! may you find peace in the great beyond."

THE POISON MENACE

That poisonous gas as a vermin exterminator is a very positive danger in the hands of careless people is not sufficiently emphasized by those who advise the use of such materials. Coincident with the appearance of a warning in these pages against the use of poison for household pests we read of the death of two men from the fumes of hydrocyanic gas which was being used to exterminate vermin. The significant fact is that this material was being handled by a professional who was presumably well aware of the dangerours nature of the gas. Despite his apparently careful methods in sealing the room the gas penetrated to another part of the building and resulted in the fatalities.

Were there no other metheds to exterminate pests such accidents might be excused; but if in the hands of an expert the poisonous gas is so deadly, what of the danger when it is administered by a layman?

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